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EDITOR TO THE READER.

AMONG the thousand greetings that make glad, to our readers and friends, the coming of the new year, may we hope that our humble salutation will not be quite unregarded? We propose no retrospect of the past twelve months. That were better left to the appointed offices of Christian pulpits, and to the privacy of the individual conscience. In the solemn meditations of the soul's secret place, and amidst the sanctities of united worship around hallowed altars, multitudes of faithful souls will doubtless bow themselves in deep humiliation, and lift from earnest hearts the anthem or the whisper of devout thanksgiving. The sad misdoings, the idle follies, the mortifying failures, the selfishness and earthliness of superficial lives, will be lamented with a righteous sorrow. And the penitence for so many short-comings will lose nothing of its sincerity,—the grief for sins committed and opportunities neglected will hardly be diminished in its poignancy, when the mind turns from those troubled recollections to recall the benignity of the Heavenly Father's Providence: when the broken language of the prodigal's lowly confession gives place to the grateful ascription, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;" "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness!" For "the goodness of God," above all things besides, "leadeth to repentance."

There is room, in the contemplations of the season, for yet another kind of emotions,—for resolves in behalf of the future. Perhaps it would be especially wise that these too, should be, in large measure, reserved to the inmost silence of the spirit. Most conscientious persons feel their own weakness so painfully, and retain such vivid admonitory memories of the ease with which the world has hitherto scattered their

clearest moral visions and broken to pieces their noblest plans, that they distrust while they avow their determinations for the time to come. They declare their improved purposes and loftier aims with guarded speech and modest allowance. And yet it is well occasionally to assert our moral rights and claim the spiritual prerogatives of our free will. It is well also to announce our better resolutions, to record our vows. Above all it is well to be cheerful and heart-whole, to enter on one of these new periods of our life, one of these new stages in the race, with no cowardly timidity, no unnerving, benumbing despair, but with manly and rejoicing strength, plighted to run well and to overcome.

Through another year the might of Christian truth and Christian love has been working in the field of the world. The companies of the believing and the good have been out against the desperate hosts of sin, wrestling all night, like the angel, even to the breaking of day, watching for a full dawn, and like the Grecian hero, praying chiefly for light. The Church has been scattering the gifts of knowledge and virtue, through her holy ministrations, and her servants have borne their message into the retreats of poverty, ignorance, sensuality, affliction and crime. They have visited and blessed the orphan, the sick, the intemperate, the dissolute, the heathen, the generous sailor, the industrious day-laborer. Disciples have been bound together into a closer fellowship by the social sympathies of kindly natures, and Christian charity has softened and visited those whom Christian wisdom has enlightened. So much has been done; and yet how much remains to be accomplished! Vices are to be rooted out; divisions are to be healed; the spirit of pride and reserve, of caste and sect, of asperity and false accusation, is to be made to yield to the genial influence of fraternal affection. Men are to be taught the worth and the immortality of their own souls. The oppressor's rod is to be broken, and slaves are to go free; harsh legislation is to be mitigated; unjust statutes are to be repealed; rulers are to learn that bloody war is an impossibility, forbidden by the rising sense of justice in the soul of the million, and that the faith of the Prince of Peace has not been on earth eighteen hundred years in vain. The mask of hypocrisy and heartless custom is to be torn off from the dealings of society. Men and women are to speak truth to one another and act the truth, instead of duplicity and lies. Commerce is to be less grasping in its acquisitions, less unscrupulous in its competitions, less overbearing in its exactions from the toiling poor, less deceptive in its interchanges, less of a trickster in its bargains. Wealth is to be less haughty and poverty less discontented. Selfishness is to grow benevolent, and avarice is to unlock its fingers, and the unfeeling are to see the beauty and the significance of the parable of the Good Samaritan. Humanity is to stand before official rank or royalty,

and the virtuous before nobles and princes. The free and cleansing air of inquiry and thought is to be let in between the damp and mouldering walls of ancient superstition, and churches, sooner than churchyards, are to give up their dead. The worldly-minded are to become spiritual, the thoughtless are to consider, and the irreverent to pray. All this change and renewal is to be wrought out, before that coming of Christ's kingdom which we daily ask for. And not one Christian heart can be released from bearing its part in the great work of renovation.

These points now touched upon have more interest to us, we are ready to confess, than any signs which might be sought out, of merely sectarian triumph. Nor need we summon our readers to renew their zeal in sectarian warfare. The cause we strive to serve is greater than the little causes which separate Church from Church. It is rather one that aims to embrace all Churches under a single principle of charity, and to heal divisions. It is a cause which would unite scattered and alienated and suspecting companies of disciples into one fold under one Shepherd. Doubtless there are certain views of Christianity which are likely to lead men more readily to obedience and faith than others. Rational interpretations are one of the surest antidotes to skepticism. Correctness in doctrine leads sooner or later to a higher and more perfect life; and therefore doctrines should never be despised. All honest efforts to understand the truth are so much excellent assistance rendered to the practice of the truth. The truer a man's belief, the more certainty is there that his actions will be true. We will not undervalue sincere exertions to supplant false notions, on any great theme of the Christian Revelation, with right and just notions, nor will we deprecate high-principled controversy, such as scholars, gentlemen, brethren and Christians may maintain. But such contests will be very apt to keep their place in ecclesiastical history without much fostering care, without much direct advocacy. Denominations *will* meet each other, and answer each other, in argument and discussion, quite as long as the real progress of light will be advanced by it. So that our main exertions at least may be safely devoted to another field. We would exhort men to toil more heartily in that wide vineyard where the real fruits of Christ's practical teaching are to be nurtured, where the direct voice of his instruction may be heard by all men alike, in the midst of their various occupations, and where the brotherhood is perfect because the spirit is the same in all.

Meantime, while individuals seek to fulfil their mission, we would that our publication, as one humble agency of so great an enterprise, might be true also, and execute its office with new fidelity and success. We would have it communicate information and extend knowledge; but we desire more anxiously that it may spread wisdom and truth in

all the depth and comprehensiveness of their meaning, enkindling in those that read it a religious life, and quickening and animating them in all humane and Christian activity.

We have already announced certain changes as contemplated in the further conduct of the Monthly Religious Magazine. We sincerely hope, and we have now good reason confidently to expect, to give it by these means increased efficiency, and to render it more worthy to be supported and read than it has been before. The countenance extended to it has been generous. We are not reluctant to acknowledge that it has had too many imperfections to entitle it to so much favor. Some of these we think we understand; others may be still more visible to other persons. Many deficiencies we are now certainly able to remedy; and we are willing that our present January number should be taken as a pledge and a specimen of what, with our list of capable contributors, may be looked for hereafter. The price of subscription has been doubled. We intend to do more than double the value of the work, as the publisher has almost doubled its size.

We invite contributions in great variety, reserving of course the indispensable right to select and provide for the best edification and interest of the Liberal community that we serve. In compliance with suggestions from different friendly sources, we intend, in the case of those writers who are professionally known,—unless special objection is made,—to insert the name of the author in full, in connexion with each article, and in other cases to leave this point to be decided by individual preferences. When initials are used, they are doubtless designed to indicate the writer, and yet they sometimes fail to do so. We do not see why the name may not with propriety be substituted, where the reader will thus be more distinctly apprised of the authorship.

In the department of Intelligence, it is our intention to draw somewhat more largely on foreign periodicals. Liberal Christianity abroad, in Great Britain especially, is marked in its progress, at present, by many highly interesting and important movements. That which has hitherto been made a rule with the Magazine, viz: to insert an abstract of all sermons preached on extraordinary ecclesiastical occasions, we shall hereafter, *as a rule*, suspend. The practice is frequently objected to, by parties interested. Such abstracts we shall be happy to insert, however, when any person shall voluntarily furnish them, and when no wish to the contrary is expressed by the preacher.

Asking assistance and encouragement, we promise on our part, to labor heartily, with such strength as Providence may give us, in return. We wish, to each of our friends, who honor these pages with their notice, a happy new year and a good life through it; and we continue to be,

Their obliged fellow worker,

THE EDITOR.

THE MEMOIR OF HENRY WARE, JR.

BY REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS.

WE have been looking forward to the publication of this long expected Memoir, prepared by John Ware, M. D., with a degree of eagerness amounting almost to impatience. Not because we have anticipated any fading of Henry Ware's name from the hearts of those who respected and loved him; nor because there has been any ground for the fear that the community, which he so faithfully served, were losing their interest in his memory; nor because we have felt any apprehension that the record of a life like his, if written with a truthful pen, would fail of finding attentive readers, whenever it should appear—but, because it has seemed a great while since Mr. Ware left us, to be without a memorial of his character and labors, more ample and complete than could have been expected from the discourses preached on the occasion of his death.

It is not to be disguised, moreover, that with this eagerness of expectation, there has mingled, in the minds of Mr. Ware's best friends, no inconsiderable anxiety. We have not, indeed, wanted confidence in the ability of him, who was called to the sacred office of biographer, no less by the unanimous consent of those most interested, than by the strength of his own fraternal love. But we have felt that it would be a work of extreme difficulty to write such a life of Henry Ware as would satisfy his devoted friends, and possess the desirable attractions for the general reader. We have all felt that there was a peculiar charm about his person, that could not, perhaps, be transferred to the printed page. We knew that his life, though in reality full of action, and displaying the beautiful variety of goodness—though far enough from monotonous, to those who were most familiar with its movement, was at the same time, *apparently*, but little diversified by signal changes, or enlivened by startling incidents. We feared that we might be disappointed at length, when, on taking up the Memoir, we might look in vain for such life-like touches as would reflect the most delightful features of his image, as it is cherished in our hearts, and might turn over its pages in fruitless search after biographical anecdotes that should illustrate some of his finest, but least obvious traits.

A careful perusal of the volume before us has not only removed all anxiety as to the reception it will meet with, but afforded the highest gratification. The writer has executed his delicate task with entire success. He has given a perfectly truthful delineation of his brother's

character. He has painted his life in that clear, calm, chastened coloring, which alone becomes it. We could have excused indeed a little more warmth of tint. We could have enjoyed somewhat more of the glowing touch, which would have been natural to a brother's love. But it is not missed—it is not needed. The profoundest fraternal attachment—the most tender affection, mingled with deep respect, characterize and pervade the whole book. Indeed the strongest mark of the strength and entireness of this affection, as well as of the author's high idea of his brother's excellence, is found in the absence of all merely verbal eulogium—in the remarkable abstinence from all high coloring, from all attempts to set off the character to the best advantage, to heighten the impression of particular scenes in his life by the graces of rhetoric or the power of emotion. On the contrary—and it is a rare merit in a biography—the writer never interferes between his subject and the reader—never calls away the attention from him to himself and his own speculations and comments—only comes forward when it is necessary to shift the attitude of his hero, or introduce him in a new scene, and always retreats as soon as possible into the back-ground, leaving him to speak and act for himself.

Upon the whole, we feel truly grateful to the biographer for having revived our best and happiest impressions of Mr. Ware; for having brought him nearer than we had ever expected could be done—so that we have communed with him almost face to face;—for having collected so many interesting reminiscences; for having reared so valuable a monument to one whom we all venerated and loved.

The book begins with a brief genealogical sketch of the Ware family, whose ancestor, Robert Ware, came over from England to this country, amongst the early settlers, about the year 1644. The sketch is interesting in itself, but particularly so as showing from what a morally healthy stock Henry descended—from an ancestry not altogether without fame in church and state; though more remarkable for the solid virtues of private life, than conspicuous for shining talents and illustrious deeds.

The story of his early years is beautiful and beautifully told. The biographer does not overrate its importance or interest when he says, "that the history of those years constitutes the most important part of his biography." Few men, even of saintly worth, could look back upon a boyhood so singularly pure and so well spent. If it rarely happens that any character is formed under such excellent influences and such favorable circumstances as were enjoyed by him, it is no less unusual for a young lad to second, by his distinct and ruling purpose, and assist, by his own docility and thoughtfulness, the best effect of the best culture. He is represented as having been from the

first a religious child—obedient, peaceable, conscientious, studious, and yet cheerful and playful. It is seldom indeed, that we see such a correspondence between the promises of childhood and youth and the actual character of mature life.

We have found ourselves turning back, again and again, to the fair record of those years of innocent happiness, and contemplating, over and over, the lovely picture of the home in which he was nurtured, with its wise and orderly arrangements, its devotional services and influence, its harmonious, confiding intercourse, its moderate restraints and judicious indulgences. What a nursery for the future servant of Christ!

It is mentioned as a striking circumstance that he was led very early, "by some accident"—we would rather say providentially—to attempt, and gradually to form, the habit of composition; in which he ever afterwards found the greatest delight, so much so that "he almost lived with the pen in his hand." Several of his juvenile exercises have been preserved. They not only give evidence of the strong religious action of his mind at a very early age, but also manifest a degree of ease and correctness of diction, not often shown by so young a person.

All that is told us concerning his mother, makes us regret that more has not been recorded. But the little that filial love has been able to collect and ventured to publish, in relation to her character and value to her family, is enough to raise her, in the esteem of all who read this Life of her son, to a high rank amongst the excellent mothers of excellent men. No one can peruse her letter to her children, left unfinished, and the description of the family meeting around her coffin, and the lines on her death written by Henry in the autumn of 1805, without deep and painful interest. Her loss would have been more deplorable to her child, if she had not left him in the charge of one of the best of fathers—a father whose wisdom was equal to his kindness; whose power to govern was as remarkable as his tact to win and guide; who felt the responsibility of the trust which had been committed to him in his children, and knew how to discharge it—a father whose domestic discipline is proverbial, whilst its results are admired throughout the land.

The correspondence between Dr. Ware, Sen. and his son, is one of the most delightful and improving portions of the Biography. It shows them both in a most amiable and honorable light. The letters, on both sides, are far above those which ordinarily pass between even wise parents and faithful children. They are perfect models of what such a correspondence ought to be. On the side of the father we find admirable wisdom; a cool, practised judgment; calm and earnest counsel; perfect kindness, without an approach to fondness; a cheerful and even playful tone; an air of unhesitating confidence in his child; and a careful avoid-

nance of every thing like interference with the freedom of the young mind. On the part of the son we see deep reverence; gentle affection; entire unreserve; earnest longings for instruction; perfect deference combined with manly independence, and the most delightful trust. "I wish to draw from you," he says, "all the assistance I can; for what I obtain in this way, I shall prize more than if I obtained it in any other." And again, "I know that I am asking what will give you much trouble; but I have been so accustomed to apply to you, and have found you so ready always to assist me, that I have learned to believe you consider it rather a pleasure than a task." It is to be wished that there were a whole volume of such letters between the father and the son. It would be a charming as well as a valuable book.

Of his school and college life, the biography communicates but little information. Though studious and a good scholar, he is represented as by no means distinguished. It is his brother's opinion, expressed more than once, that he did not suppose himself capable of great attainments—that, "though he naturally loved praise, and enjoyed applause, he did not dream of being able to compete successfully for the higher honors of his class"—and moreover, that no one who knew him in college, would have been led to anticipate for him a career of such eminent usefulness and honor as awaited him.

This may be a correct impression; and yet the letters of his classmates, Charles G. Loring and Peleg Sprague, abundantly show, that he was regarded by them as manifesting, while an under-graduate, in a very uncommon manner, the qualities and the promise of *true* greatness. We should certainly consider any young man, of whom such men so speak, a *remarkable* young man; one to be selected from his companions as giving indubitable evidence of a superior mind and heart—not indeed as exhibiting signs of a greatness which he did not seek, and did not obtain; but as plainly marked for precisely such distinction as he most desired and did secure. Mr. Loring says, "I cannot recall any one whose career at Cambridge, was so perfectly typical of his future life."

After having left college at the early age of eighteen, he immediately became connected with the Academy at Exeter, N. H. as an assistant to its distinguished instructor, Dr. Benjamin Abbot. The account of the two years spent in this relation is one of the most interesting portions of the memoir. They appear to have been years full of happiness and advantage. "He never reverted to them but with expressions of the most unalloyed satisfaction." It is the testimony of Dr. Abbot, that they left the same pleasing impression of himself upon others—"an impression that is still fondly cherished in the recollections of all that survive him." It was here that he finally fixed on his profession and

began to study it. "It was here that he formed those habits and modes of study; matured those views of the nature, object and duties of the ministry, and began that collection and preparation of materials for future use, which aided him so much in his subsequent progress, and contributed so largely to his ultimate success."

We have not room to trace along the narrative of his life through its whole course, nor even to notice all its important epochs. Pleasing as the task would be, we are not allowed to give any thing like a complete analysis of the biography.

The history of his ministry to the Second Church and Society occupies over two hundred pages. It is safe to say that no parish minister of his age, if of any age, with so many interruptions by ill health and journeyings—has performed, within the same short period, a greater number or variety of useful labors, exerted a more extensive and beneficial influence, won the sincerest love of more hearts, or left behind him a purer Christian fame. Nothing is more surprising than the immense amount of duty accomplished by him during the twelve years of his pastoral connexion. We continually feel, when contemplating its results, as if his ministry must have been much longer. But it was the profession he loved. His whole heart was in it. His whole previous education had fitted him for it. He had solemnly devoted himself to it. Thus the mystery is explained. Let any man who would thoroughly understand the secret of Henry Ware's ministerial influence and success, read the private paper written by him on his twenty-first birth day, and probably never seen during his life-time—(a paper which he seems to have regarded with a feeling of great sacredness, as the registry of his consecration; for on the envelope was written—"To be opened and read for improvement once a month.") That paper gives you the key to the very sanctuary of his soul. That contains the interpretation of his extraordinary success. "O Father, most gracious and merciful, pity and forgive me! help me to live a life acceptable to Thee through Jesus Christ, thy Son! I would have more ardor, and vigor and perseverance, and approve myself worthy of my high vocation; more readiness to hear the call of duty, and more alacrity in obeying it. I pray that I may be awakened. I earnestly desire not merely to pass over a few years of time and leave no trace of good; but I would do something for the cause of virtue and the happiness of man; so that when I shall be called to another state, I may meet with some who shall greet me with love and gratitude, and may receive the approbation of my Saviour and my God." Such are a few of the devout breathings of this precious relic—a relic which no one who has any sentiment can

touch or look upon without a sense of veneration and solemnity, amounting almost to awe.

The history of his pastoral connexion and of his weighty services to society at large, is enlivened by accounts of several journeys, undertaken for the benefit of his health, and by a liberal sprinkling of familiar letters, written by him from time to time, from home and from abroad, to his family and friends. "These letters are invaluable. Mr. Ware excelled in epistolary composition. He wrote with the most perfect ease. He never prosed—even when treating the gravest matters. He had great playfulness of spirit as well as gravity, and they were seen in his letters, exquisitely mingled and interchanging, like light and shade upon a summer landscape. Indeed, the biographer has felicitously supplied, by means of these letters, precisely that want which we were fearful it would be impossible to supply by characteristic anecdotes or description. He has represented Mr. Ware to us as he appeared to his best friends, in his hours of unreserve—when his countenance was lighted up with a smile of great sweetness, and his lips diffused a quiet and wholesome mirth.

The letters written on his journeys, and especially during his tour in Europe, in the years 1829 and 1830, display an uncommon power of narration and description—a talent which, had circumstances favored, might have earned for him distinguished reputation in a province of literary effort altogether different from those in which he has secured an honorable fame. Containing, as they do, many highly graphic sketches of eminent individuals and remarkable places, of natural scenes and works of art, a high degree of interest attaches to them altogether distinct from their personal associations. Of themselves, they would be read with pleasure by any intelligent person, however indifferent to the name and character of their writer. We should have been glad to have had more of them. The selection however, is excellent, and the proper limits of the biography precluded a more liberal publication. Upon the whole, it is a gratifying circumstance that so many of Mr. Ware's letters have been preserved by those to whom they were written, and it shows how much they were valued. There is not one in the volume, that could have been spared; nor a sentence in one of them that we could wish to blot. Mr. Ware used no idle words. Probably no man ever had less occasion to retract what he had at any time said or written. He spoke wisely, and truly, and considerately, even when most playfully.

The volume is enlivened by a few extracts from Mr. Ware's manuscript poems, which are somewhat numerous. His fondness for poetry and his talent for versification were manifested, it seems, at a very early

period of his life. "He took more pleasure in poetic composition than in any other occupation; it was more suited to his original taste. When his mind was entirely unbent; when he had no immediate purpose to accomplish, as in travelling or sickness, he almost instinctively turned to poetry, for rest or refreshment." But his strength of self-control is strikingly shown in the fact, that he did not allow himself too frequent indulgence in this favorite amusement. He had in view a higher purpose—he was influenced by a still higher love—he devoted himself to a more sacred calling. The fragmentary poem, entitled a "Pedestrian Journey," written by him whilst on a walk to the White Mountains in the summer of 1831, and of which several portions are published in the memoir, shows with what extreme facility he versified, and with what a truly poetic eye he looked upon nature. It contains a description of the incidents of the tour, and the emotions excited by the wild and sublime scenery, in the midst of which he was travelling. It may be considered a remarkable production, when we bear in mind that it was composed at odd moments, at public houses during the intervals of motion. We are particularly struck with the fragment entitled "Red Hill." We cannot forbear to quote a specimen of it,—not because we think the piece will fail of coming under the eye of the readers of this Magazine, but because it will not lose its beauty by repetition, and deserves to be often re-read. The circumstances to which the verse alludes, are thus narrated by an eye witness.

"Sunday morning, by sunrise, there being no religious service where we were, we set out, accompanied by Thomas K. Davis, of Boston, on a walk to the top of Red Hill. After we had spent some time gazing upon the beautiful and extensive scenes before us, Mr. Davis took from his pocket a copy of "Paradise Lost," and, opening at Adam's Morning Hymn, handed it to Mr. Ware, with the request that he would read it. "With the words," breathed forth in those sweet, low, and earnest tones, which had so often penetrated them before, I *know* "our hearts rose up," as he went on, the tones of his voice becoming more deep and fervent, as he felt the inspiration of the poet. The *spiritualization* of the scene, all the hallowed associations of the hour, conspired to make us feel that, though there was no preface of "Let us praise God," or, "pray," yet this was something more than a gratification of taste—it was an *act of worship*, as sincere, as *heart-felt*, as any we ever engaged in. We instinctively uncovered, and 'reverently bowed our heads and stood.'"

'RED HILL.

'Then reverently we bared our heads, and stood;
And from that holy bard, whose sightless eye
Beheld the wonders of the Invisible,
We raised the hymn so worthy Paradise,
In its pure early worship. With the words,
I trust our hearts rose up; the morning winds,

Bore them, like incense, upward, and there seemed
 A soul of deep devotion breathed abroad
 On all the things we saw; they heard the call,
 The eloquent call, of Milton and of God,
 And uttered praise. The sun and clouds in heaven
 Heard, as they rose above us, and replied;
 The lake responded with her thousand isles;
 The mountains that encompassed us around,
 Near and more distant, seemed to bow assent;
 The birds joined harmony, the lowing kine,
 The waving trees, the lowly herb beneath
 Our feet, with burden of rich fruit, and last
 The scattered hamlets, whose ascending smokes
 Showed human life awaking to the day;—
 All seemed to hear and join the act of praise.
 So to our hearts it seemed, so full, so warm,
 So loud, the burst of holy praise, rung forth
 In words that reach and rouse the inmost soul
 Of Nature, as of man,—the general soul
 That fills and vivifies whate'er exists.”

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The value of this volume will be great to the student of theology, to the young minister, and to all who are desirous of Christian improvement. It contains in the extracts from Mr. Ware's writings, many most important suggestions in regard to preaching, pastoral visiting, plans of usefulness, and personal correction and culture. He was an eminently practical man. He was a most excellent counsellor. He knew how to admonish, and hesitated not, when necessary to reprove. He was ever thinking how to do good and to whom.

Not the least interesting portions of the memoir are those which delineate the domestic affections of its subject—affections which existed in his bosom in abundance and purity—embracing not only those who surrounded his own fireside, but all the members of that wide circle with which he was connected by the ties of kindred. We cannot resist the temptation of copying the account of an occasion of a very interesting and peculiar nature, in which the character of Mr. Ware appears in an admirable and engaging light.

“Never, probably, in his whole life, was his heart more entirely full of filial, fraternal, and paternal love, than on the day of a great family meeting held at his father's house on the 20th of August, 1835. Four daughters with their husbands; three sons with their wives; three unmarried daughters and three unmarried sons, with twenty-seven grand-children, assembled and spent the day together. On coming together in the morning, the patriarch of the day was saluted by the oldest of his grand-children, with the recitation of the following verses, from the pen of Mrs. Harriet Hall.

‘We are coming! we are coming!
 What a merry host we are!
 Laughing, shouting, singing, drumming,
 We are coming, Grandpapa!’

'Here are Henrys, by the dozen,
Here are Marys, half a score!
Brother, sister, aunt, and cousin,
We are coming, many more!

'We are coming! Willies, Lucys,
Annes, Lizzies, two and two;
Frank and Robert, little geese,
We can find no mates for you.

'We are coming! Edwards, Johnnys,
Harriet, Jairus, George, Louise,
Prentiss, too, without their cronies,
All are coming,—what a squeeze!

'We are coming, don't you hear us,
What a glorious noise we make,
Grandmamma, you well may fear us,
With your lemonade and cake!

'We are coming! O believe us,
Happy, joyful, *glad* we are!
In your open arms receive us
With your blessing, Grandpapa!

"Amounting, with a few other relatives, to fifty-two in number, they dined together in one room; of all ages, from the old man of seventy-one, to the infant a few months old. After dinner, the present of a comfortable arm-chair was made to each of the parents of this group, by the whole company, and the remainder of the day and evening were spent in amusements and recreations, suited to the various tastes of the party. It was remarkable, that of so numerous a family, and whose members were so widely scattered, and of such various ages, not one was absent; and of all this collection there were probably none of an age capable of receiving impressions, who did not feel that they owed much, very much, to the subject of this memoir, for wise and timely counsels, for kind and brotherly encouragement, and perhaps for reproof not less kind and brotherly; and, more than all, for support and comfort in trial and affliction, and for confirming religious faith, and brightening religious hope. These lines were composed by him to be sung after dinner.

"Children's children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children are their fathers."

'In this glad hour when children meet,
And home with them their children bring,
Our hearts with one affection beat,
One song of praise our voices sing.

'For all the faithful, loved, and dear,
Whom thou so kindly, Lord, hast given;
For those who still are with us here,
And those who wait for us in Heaven!

'For every past and present joy;
For honor, competence, and health;

For hopes that time may not destroy,
Our soul's imperishable wealth ;

'For all, accept our humble praise ;
Still bless us, Father, by thy love ;
And when are closed our mortal days,
Unite us in one home above.'

"I must add, that to no one among all those who were gathered together, was this an occasion of more deep and heartfelt delight, than to the venerable head of this household, then in his seventy-second year, in the midst of a vigorous old age, his body unimpaired, his mind unclouded, and, above all, his heart warming, as it ever had done, to all the charities of life, and yielding as tenderly to all the tender and holy sympathies of our nature. It was no common satisfaction, to see flocking around him so many descendants, all prosperous in their lives, respectable in their characters, and happy in their families ; two sons, and three husbands of his daughters, engaged heartily, honorably, and usefully in the same work to which his many years had been devoted, to which he had led them, and for which he had helped to prepare them ; all looking to him as one to whom they owed much, under Providence, of whatever was worthy and valuable in their lives. It was an occasion which none who were engaged in it can ever forget, and it left a lasting impression upon all our minds, of the good and happy influences upon life which may be made to flow from the maintenance and cultivation of the domestic affections."

After a thorough and faithful history of the prominent events and most important labors of Mr. Ware's life, the biographer devotes a concluding chapter to "*Notices of his Character*"—partly the result of his own recollections and impressions, and partly the expression of the recollections and impressions of others. In the introduction of this chapter, the writer declares that he has "endeavored, as far as possible, to convey his brother's own history in his brother's own words, and to display the qualities of his mind and heart, by the unstudied expression of them which is contained in his own writings." Precisely this, we have already said, he has in our opinion, successfully done. And we are equally gratified with the manner in which he has executed the delicate task proposed to himself in this supplementary chapter—the task of summing up his own impressions of his brother's character—grouping together into one picture, the various elements of that character—attempting to give the distinct and complete image of him which lies, or rather lives, in his own remembrance. Doctor Ware has accomplished this duty with rare discrimination and judgment. Love and justice—admiration of his brother's undoubted virtues, and a perfectly truthful appreciation of every qualifying imperfection, are equally conspicuous in this delineation. We have never read a biography which, from beginning to end, has presented more indubitable evidences of entire

honesty and fairness. It throws upon its subject the clear light of truth—a light which few men could bear so well—the only light which becomes the humble minded and faithful Christian.

The volume is accompanied with two portraits, the first taken in the days of his best health, and the second after his constitution had been broken by illness. They are neither of them so good as we could have desired. They are both likenesses—but not perfect. If one could be made, having the countenance of the second, only a little livelier and more juvenile—with somewhat of the attitude and drapery of the first, it would be more nearly satisfactory.

In this short review, we have attempted nothing more than was committed to us, viz: a brief analysis and notice of the Memoir. It would have been a delightful privilege to have given once more free course to those feelings of love and veneration for the “sainted dead,” which have been revived afresh by the perusal of his life, and which are not easily restrained from expression whenever we speak of him.

CALVIN'S CAREER AT GENEVA.

BY REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD.

THE year 1536 that brought Calvin an exile from his native France to Geneva, his adopted country, is as memorable in the history of modern orthodoxy as the Hegira of Mahomet from Mecca to Medina in the annals of Islamism. That the Frenchman and the Arabian were brothers in important doctrines, as well as in prominent misfortunes, and both were apostles of fatalism, might be said by opponents to Calvin more bitter than we are.

In the month of August of that year we are told that, “a carriage of slender pretensions drew up before a tavern in Geneva, from which was seen to descend a young man of about twenty-seven years of age, simply clad, with a pale countenance, beard cut *a la François premier*; and with an eye black and brilliant.” He took lodgings for the night, and intended the next morning to pursue his journey farther into Switzerland. But he had been seen, and was not to be allowed to go.

The city was in the midst of a commotion, civil and religious. As early as the age of Julius Cæsar, Geneva had enjoyed republican freedom, and although for a long time subjugated, had lately passed through a severe struggle to recover its liberties from the usurpations of a

Roman bishop and an Italian duke. For three years the citizens had been free from the yoke, and for about a year had openly avowed the Reformed doctrines, under the preaching of Farel and Viret, two refugees from France. These men, the one as remarkable for the violence as the other for the sweetness of his character, found it very difficult to retain the city in the position to which they had brought it. They are troubled on the one hand by the attempts of the Catholics to recover their power, and by the reluctance of the innovators on the other to submit to salutary order. In common with a large portion of the citizens they felt the need of a man who could defend the city at once against ducal and papal tyranny, and popular turbulence. The moment Viret cast his eye upon that pale and austere young traveller, he felt that good Providence had sent the needed man. John Calvin had a name throughout Protestant Europe. His studies as lawyer and theologian, his experience as author and controversialist, his union of devoted zeal with sober prudence now fit him to carry on the Reform in Geneva. He was forced to remain, undoubtedly against his will. Farel took him by storm, and compelled him by a solemn adjuration to give up his journey to a quiet retreat at Basle, and stay and do a great work in troubled Geneva. Henceforth with but a single interval Geneva is to be his home. A city amid scenery of unequalled beauty and sublimity, becomes the abode of him, whose name more than that of any other man has been connected with all that is stern in doctrine, and austere in morals. With Mount Blanc and the peaks of Jura before him, with Lake Lemman at his feet, Calvin addressed himself to the great task of his life.

Well aware of his better adaptation to study and composition, than to popular eloquence, he preferred the office of theological professor to that of preacher. He saw at once the state of things in the city and the Canton, and adopted measures in accordance. Years before his stern principles were embodied in a written code, he showed the spirit that animated him by his unwavering hostility to the superstitions of the papacy, and to the laxities of liberalism. He was as determined against all free-thinkers and free-livers as against popes and bishops. Under the influence which he encouraged, measures little in accordance with our ideas of freedom were adopted. A historian friendly to him relates that rules of most burdensome minuteness were enacted by the civil power under clerical favor; and that for instance a bride who went to church with her hair too much decorated was kept under arrest for three days, as also were the two ladies that attended her, and likewise the offender who had dressed the head. Calvin claimed for himself and his associates the right to keep watch over the conduct of the citizens, and to

exclude from the communion all persons deemed unworthy of the privilege, either from their opinions or practices. He went too far for policy if not for principle. He tried to exclude from their habitual privilege some of the most patriotic citizens, the old champions of civil liberty, whose chief sin was their jovial manners and waggish speech. Strife rose, and grew until the ministers were ordered by the Civil Council to change their course and dispense the communion as usual, or leave the city. Calvin was inflexible, and refused to administer the communion at all upon terms so perverse, and the exile of the ministers was soon decreed. "Very well," says Calvin, "it is better to obey God than man."

An exile of three years followed—years spent by Calvin mainly at Strasburg, in constant study and composition, with occasional conferences with Melancthon and other leading reformers. In his plans and efforts for the progress of reform, obdurate Geneva herself was not forgotten. But he could not be spared, and his recall soon came. He yielded to the entreaty of the distracted people, and in the year 1541, at the age of thirty-two, he returned to spend the remainder of his life at Geneva. A few prominent points must suffice to give an idea of his career during those twenty-three remaining years.

His first work was to dictate a creed and code for the faith and discipline of the Genevan Church. By these combined, and confirmed by the concurrence of the Civil Council, he became virtually master of the city and Canton. How strict his creed was, I need not say. As to his mode of church government, it was equally strict. Based upon Presbyterian principles, the power of discipline was lodged in a consistory of eighteen members, six to be pastors, and twelve to be lay-elders, chosen from the Civil Council by the nomination of the pastors. The whole plan shows great ability on the part of the framer. He had not been a law-student in vain. It is not easy to see how under the circumstances he could have contrived a system better adapted to secure the Church from the attacks of Catholics and the tumults of anarchy. His system took the most radical ground against popes, bishops and all distinctions among the clergy, and at the same time was very conservative in its provisions against the usurpations of the civil power and the agitations of the populace. The church had republican features, and yet was independent of the state. The state could not administer religious discipline, except when appealed to by the consistory to punish the obdurate who had slighted remonstrance and excommunication. It was rather in the details of the system than in its general features, that the evil was found. The plan indeed established too close a relation between church and state; but it was the minute supervision over conduct,

and the austere standard of morals, that made of it a galling tyranny to all not of the strictest sect in Geneva.

The system of doctrine and discipline once established, was to be defended. Now Calvin must shew what is really in him, and how far in his study and before the people he deserved to be ranked with an Ambrose, a Hildebrand, a Luther.

So far as doctrines are concerned, the Catholic Church was his chief foe. In her eye he was a son of Belial, an unconsecrated polluter of the altar, a wretched ingrate, thankless for the bounties so freely bestowed upon him by her before his apostasy. In his eye she was the mother of abominations, as corrupt in practice as false in doctrine. He had little sense even of the splendor of her ritual, nor lamented that, unlike Luther and the other leading Reformers, he had never been consecrated to the priesthood at her hands. After his return to Geneva the great reaction in the Catholic Church to recover her lost power developed itself. The Council of Trent, whose decisions are now final authority with Romanists, held its first seven sessions. Calvin was all eye and ear to what was going on. The whole subject of justification there so fully controverted, was as familiar to him as the alphabet, and the doctrine advanced by the Council regarding the power of good works was to him the quintessence of irreligion. In his "Antidote against the Seven Sessions of the Council of Trent," he struck a strong blow at the returning vigor of Rome, and entered upon a warfare which has been waged by his followers ever since. Nature in her vast antagonisms shows no enmities more radical and inveterate than that which has always existed between Calvinists and Catholics.

This controversy Calvin waged with the pen. He was soon called upon to wield or direct far different weapons. He might be the foe of Rome, and yet be a mere radical, leaving Geneva to laxities of opinion and practice more fatal than the Roman yoke. What shall he do in the crisis at hand? The Canton of Geneva is virtually entrusted to him. What course shall he pursue to control the free-thinking and check the free-living of the citizens, and bring them up to his notions of Christian order? Let the consistory examine, rebuke, and, if necessary, excommunicate all offenders against doctrine or discipline; and let them who will not heed the church be handed over to the arm of the civil law,—a law breathing the very spirit of the Jewish theocracy, and coupling infidelity and murder as both alike in sin and punishment. Shall Calvin succeed? Is there no manhood in Geneva that will not be put in leading strings,—no free thought, whose eagle wings will not be yielded up to the shears of the new discipline? A conflict must evidently come. Who will be victor,—the exile from France or the patriot-citizens—

the despot of the dogma or the champions of free thought and free speech? One or two sketches of scenes must illustrate the parties and tell the result.

The first scene shall show Calvin's mode of dealing with infidels, as he regarded all those who differed from him upon essential points. Castalion was exiled for asserting the freedom of the human will, Bolsec was imprisoned for insisting upon the merit of good works. One instance yet more signal was to arise and be connected with Calvin's name forever. When a young man of twenty-five, he had fallen in with a Spanish physician, Manuel Servetus, and had engaged to meet him in debate upon the doctrine of the Trinity, which Servetus denied. About twenty years pass, and while Calvin has been doing his work at Geneva, Servetus has been a wanderer over Europe, erratic, but not immoral in his habits: yet in all his roving true to his Unitarian convictions. On the 15th of July, 1553, he enters Geneva, a weary and haggard traveller, on his way for an asylum in Zurich. Calvin saw and remembered him, and lodged information against him with the civil tribunal. The law was specific against all blasphemers, such as deniers of either person in the Trinity. Besides blaspheming thus, Servetus had assailed Calvin and his whole system, and thus was an anarchist. Servetus was doomed to the stake.

Where was Calvin now? Author of a tract on clemency in the day of his own persecution, where is his clemency now that a fellow-creature's life is in his hands? Commentator on St. Paul, where is his memory for that passage, "if thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst, give him drink. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good"? He does not stop the outrage. True, it is the civil law that passed the sentence. But whose mind framed that law? whose influence sanctioned it? Servetus must die, and Calvin allows the sentence to be just. But cry his defenders, "Calvin was for commuting the sentence"; very true, but it was only from death by burning, to death in some other way. Let him have all the credit of that. Let him have all the credit too of being willing to save Servetus if he would recant. Let Servetus, too, a lonely stranger, among a thousand foes, have all the obloquy of being burned at the stake rather than deny his honest opinions. Without taking such descriptions of this affair as Roman Catholics have given, Calvin's own account of it is horrible enough to make the hair stand on end.

Emancipated Geneva! where was now that liberty, once your earnest love! Exile from France, how could you think of your own past sufferings after that deed,—how see in benignant nature the traces of a merciful God,—how look upon Lake Lemman's placid face, image of

Heaven's own rest,—how lift your eye to Jura and Mount Blanc, everlasting altars to Him, the Almighty and All-Loving?

With the death of Servetus, the power of heresy was broken, for few dared risk his fate. One more enemy remained in the liberal, patriotic party, called by Calvin Libertines on account of their liberal ideas and free-living. Some of them had fought the battles of liberty, and had little thought that Geneva would be freed from duke and bishop to fall under the yoke of a French refugee. Some of them apparently led lax lives, some haunted taverns, bandied coarse jests about the long-faced parson, and gave Calvin's name to their dogs. Calvin saw his foes, measured their strength, and prepared to meet them. For more than ten years the strife was continued at intervals. An attempt was made at last to force Calvin to administer the communion to some of the Libertines who had been excommunicated. He was inflexible, offered to leave the city, rather preferring even to be put to death than encourage wickedness. The people are alarmed. The old patriot party—the old revolutionary liberals must yield. The exile of their chiefs completes the Frenchman's triumph.

In the year 1564, Calvin died aged fifty-five. In influence he may be named second to Luther among the Reformers. He has been called a fiend by the Roman Catholics, while Luther has been called a madman. We are disposed to call Luther the impassioned hero and Calvin the cool dogmatist and disciplinarian of the Reformation.

He was not a lovely character, yet as a logical thinker he was chief of Reformers; and however harsh and intolerant, he had strong authority for his persecution of heretics in the general doctrines of his age. He was not more severe upon heretics than was Melancthon in words and Cranmer in deeds. As for us, however, we acknowledge no men as saints or spiritual fathers who have human blood on their hands, unless it be their own. In toleration, Calvin falls below Ambrose, below Augustine, far below Paul, infinitely below him who died upon the cross, suffering pains such as he never could inflict upon others. There was blood on our Saviour's hands; but it was his own. There was blood on Calvin's hands; but alas! it was his brother's.

Surely there are some good things in this nineteenth century. May we never desire in our lament for present degeneracy, a return of the days of the Reformation. To choose between Rome under Leo and Clement, and Geneva under Calvin and Beza, must have presented an alternative which we feel happy in escaping.

FAMILY FESTIVALS.

IN wonderful condescension to our weakness and waywardness, all things within and around us are adapted to admonish us of our duties and our end. All that the heart receives or rejects, all that the mind grasps or to which it aspires, all that appeals either to ear or eye, possesses the same power. The points with which the dial-plate of time is so thickly covered speak to us, through the inclination wisely given to review the past at the expiration of fixed periods, however brief. The longer the interval, and the more numerous its incidents, the more impressive, usually, is the retrospect. The circling months, in their last rapid flight, have witnessed much of joy, but far more of sorrow. A link has been dropped from many a family chain, beautiful ties, too full of ever-springing gladness, have been gradually loosened or torn violently asunder, and in many spots where the coming year was greeted with song and laughter, there are now only silence and tears. To how many of us has it brought a weight, crushing, but for strength borrowed from the Infinite! a wasting heart-ache soothed only by whispers from heaven! a loneliness which society only deepens, a yearning which can be stilled only in the grave! Mental and moral death have triumphed, and friends have gazed upon the victims with an agony which has here no parallel. Love has been slighted, the friendly have grown cold, dissension has been sown among kindred, and words courteously chilling have sent a shudder over the caressing one. There are those, indeed, who have no visible cause for grief, those for whom wealth has accumulated, honors multiplied, and pleasure mingled her sweetest draughts. Yet, could we examine more accurately, we should learn much of vanished hopes, of defeated plans, of the blight experience throws over all things. And, since these are the remembrances which must ever be recalled, since the passing hours yield so many subjects for regret at the annual review, it is well that the outward should participate in the gloom of the inward world, that there should be no sound of birds or streams, no rustling of thick leaves, or fragrance of opening flowers, that the great harp of Nature should give but broken music from its shattered strings.

This period, too, when the softening influences of touching recollections, and the conviction of past deficiencies prompt to high resolves, is the one most peremptorily requiring their immediate fulfilment. The many classes who claim our regard are now more urgent in their demands, but, especially is it so with those who share our homes. When the sweet breath of summer invited them to rove, when, in the short,

dreamy eve the lights were extinguished, and only the moonlight lay upon the floor, and the low murmur of voices seemed to blend with the tones without, effort was scarcely needed ; but, now, when thrown so much together, all will seem dull and spiritless if each one does not act, act for himself and for the others.

Nor is this obligatory, wholly, or principally, because we are indebted to those about us for many and great services. Home is hallowed,—hallowed by being a direct and powerful agent in effecting the purposes of God—hallowed as a part of one of his most beautiful plans for our well-being. It is so difficult to lift the heart from the visible to the invisible, to detach it from all that has constituted its chief joy to a world of which the senses can take no cognizance, that the Father, in his abounding love, kindly gave us the one to be the type of the other. He made the most perfect arrangements for securing to us happy homes—homes where the affections should be kept fresh by their perpetual flow, where generous self-sacrifice, and pleasant thoughts, and lovely acts should make uninterrupted sunshine. An empire for truth, for purity, for tenderness, where peace, the peace of the soul, should remain unruffled. A spot where the sensitive should find gentleness, the timid, confidence, the unlettered, indulgence, where the fervent should find fervor, and the mourner sympathy, where patient toil, and struggles, however faint, for the great and good, should be appreciated, and where the spirit should be carefully trained for Heaven.

He has given us hearts, too, which can here alone receive their full development, here alone can continue to expand and bear rich flowers and abundant fruit. Hearts, which everywhere and in all places, yearn for a home,—hearts, which, however they may wander for a time, however eagerly pursue the glittering baubles which perish in the grasping, still turn to it at last, or cling closely to its recollections. Then, the Father, after this preparation, with infinite tenderness, simply designates Heaven as a home, and not one spirit-chord but gives a response sweet as the tone which calls it into being. The future is thus shewn us, not dim and uncertain, but warm and bright. Glorious, indeed, far beyond the conceptions of the finite, yet wonderfully adapted to our wants ; making for itself a place in our inmost souls ; bringing thoughts of quiet amidst strife, of rest amidst care, of security amidst storms, of eternal reunions amidst sad farewells.

High and holy therefore is that labor, which, by making homes happy here, wins men to a love of the Home hereafter. A gifted divine has said, and said truly, "He who makes a little child happier for half an hour is a co-worker with God." Let this be the motive, and every effort to embellish and refine, every self-denying act, every winning smile

even, becomes an offering to Heaven. The absence of positive evil is not sufficient, there must be the communication of positive good. Vapidity must be banished equally with anger and neglect. The monotonous routine of duties, which press upon one so wearily, must be enlivened. The young require amusement. It is as necessary as repose. The impulse is too strong to be repressed, except by destroying energy and ardor, and substituting indifference, if not disgust, for the fresh and healthful emotions which make them so attractive and so dear. It cannot be done without frustrating the design of God, manifested, not only in the keen desire for enjoyment implanted in every bosom, but in the degree of happiness yielded by those simple things, which are offered equally to the rich and poor.

This amusement must be found at home. That the youth may become either truly great or truly virtuous, this spot must be the source of his fears and hopes, his joys and sorrows. Here only can he accomplish all the ends of existence, here alone, by perpetually giving and receiving, can he become a perfectly educated man. But here he will not remain if he does not find the gratification of his wants. He will go forth, how often to debasing companionship and forbidden pleasures!

Books and maps, slates and globes will not always satisfy. The little one will weary of her young heroines, and, in the long winter evenings, wish heartily that "God had made no night," while her brother watches with envious eye the rude boys, who, turned loose into the street, shout over their games. Some means must be devised to keep the wishes, as well as the steps, from wandering,—something for the head, the hand, the heart,—something animated and stirring, and from which they will turn to their interrupted occupations with interest and vigor.

Perhaps nothing so entirely answers the desired end as Family Festivals. In these the principal labor and the minutiae of the arrangements should be left to the younger members of the family, while the elder should encourage and assist, and not only feign, but feel, an interest in the result. Then how many pleasurable emotions do they excite! The exercise of the inventive powers, always so charming, filling whole hours, the mutual confidence arising from sameness of pursuit, the diligence, the self-denial, the delicious consciousness of an ability to afford pleasure, all combining to fill the heart with love, genuine, happy love. Who does not enjoy the sudden dispersion of the little groups gathered in halls and parlors, the whispered consultation with the cook, the mysterious allusions, the good natured refusal to impart the mighty secrets, the wise schemes, as important to the authors as the most profound deliberations of the statesman or sage. And then, the celebration, in

which the children should always be most conspicuous, their triumph at every new surprise, their delighted and delightful satisfaction with themselves, their friends, and the world. We are carried away irresistibly by their glee. We grow young again, we run behind chairs, creep beneath tables, call as loudly and laugh as heartily as they. We forget our dignity, we are conscious only of our joy, and the walls of that dear old house will, many a long day after, give back to us faint echoes of that merriment. How soothing and grateful, too, are those unexpected attentions, which even the poorest can render. No matter how trifling they are, if they only exhibit thoughtful care for our comfort. Far more valuable than the most splendid purchased decoration is the basket of wild flowers, offered in affection, and the tear, which falls upon their petals, flashes in the sunshine they have created in the heart.

The members of a family, thus bound together by ever multiplying, ever strengthening bands, go forth nobly to life's battles. Vivified by the soul-warmth thus acquired they number their days by deeds of kindness. They see all things in the light of home. In it the lofty and the pure become more brilliant, while vice, beneath all its forms, grows dark by the contrast. Or, if, by chance, temptation comes in unusually winning guise, and the son and brother is enticed to the unholy revel, that clear, quiet light streams over him, and the red wine loses its lustre, and old familiar tones shut out the uproar from his ear, and his foot shuns ever that downward pathway.

Great, indeed, is his guilt who mars one feature of this beautiful plan. Fearful will be his account who lessens, for one human being, those home influences given to aid him in the great task of self-conquest. And yet, it may be, reader, that thou thyself art not wholly innocent. Look back, not superficially, but honestly and carefully, and see if thou hast not withheld just praise, or censured with undue severity, sacrificed comfort to ostentation, exhibited for the stranger talents not exerted for the family circle. Learn if thou hast spoken no passionate word, undervalued no service, checked no aspiration, repelled no confidence. Hast thou been not only tender and considerate, but constantly active for others? Hast thou so labored for thy home that its inmates believe no spot on earth so warm and sunny, and deem it a strong incentive to a holy life that it fits them for the home in Heaven?

A time will come when love shall suggest every word, prompt every act, when every hearth-stone shall be an altar, circled by rays more brilliant than gild the rising or mark the farewell of the setting sun.

M. G. S.

THE PATTERN IN THE MOUNT.

"And he went up into a mountain apart to pray."

"See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the Mount."

OFTEN to a mountain station
By the power of thought ascend ;
There in lofty contemplation
Many a hallowed moment spend.

There and then, to God and duty
Give a heart that prayer hath warmed ;
So shalt thou discern the beauty
Of a life to truth conformed.

There and then, shall bright revealings
Many an anxious doubt remove ;
Thou wilt see that all God's dealings
Show his kindness, care and love.

There let all thy past remissness
In its real light be seen ;
Think, in life's true work and business
How unfaithful thou hast been.

Then in deep and heartfelt sorrow,
Pardon for thy guilt implore ;
Pray that shouldst thou see the morrow,
Thou may'st go and sin no more.

And when earthly duties call thee
To their daily round again,
Let not worldly cares enthrall thee ;
Faithful to thy soul remain.

In the spirit of thy Saviour,
Meekly strive thy cross to bear ;
So shalt thou secure God's favor,
And His boundless blessings share.

DAYBREAK.

THE Daybreak came to a palace window. She came with her robe of silver mist cast about her, her pure feet bathed in dew, and the morning star glittering upon her brow; and she said to the sleepers within, "Come forth, and walk with me on the hill-tops." But the prince buried his flushed face in his pillow, and pressed his hands upon his aching head, and groaned—"Let me sleep, let me sleep, I am weary with last night's revel."

The Daybreak looked through the crimson drapery that curtained a high-born beauty, and said, "Come forth, fair one! I will give thee fresher roses for thy cheeks." But the maiden sighed—"I danced and sung in the bright hall till past midnight, and the music and the whispered praises are with me still; let me dream of them a little longer."

The Daybreak looked timidly in at a low casement, and murmured, "Doth he yet live? will he come forth into the fields?" But the flickering candle upon the hearth sunk in its socket, the pale sick child lay as one dead in his first pain-forgetting slumber, and the watching mother closed the shutter, lest the gray beam should disturb his repose.

The Daybreak stole slowly and sadly over the fresh battle-field, with its pools of blood; and she said to the many human faces that lay there ghastly—"Arise, and go home." But the dead spake not, stirred not; and the wounded answered with a hopeless struggle.

Then the Daybreak came to a broad river, and she looked into the huts upon its banks, and said mournfully—"Come forth, slave! to the rice-field, the lash is ready." And the strong black man writhed; "My wounds yet smart, and I saw my children sold yesterday to a man of wrath—but I come, I come."

The Daybreak, with her innocent eyes, stood by a dismal house, in a great city, and looked in upon the daughters of sin and shame; and she said—"I awake the birds in their nests, and the drooping flowers upon their stalks; come forth, and learn to love them, and their God." But the wretched woman within awoke with a pang, and murmured, "Oh, my God! must I see another day!"

The silver mantle of the Daybreak glowed into gold, and the flush of rosy clouds gathered around her, as she stood by the casement of the dying Christian, and said joyously—"Come forth from thy weary chamber of pain." And he answered gladly, "I come," and went forth, a disembodied spirit from the house that had held him, from the clay that had bound him, to the world where there is "no night."

L. J. H.

A NEW YEAR'S SERMON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

JEREMIAH xxi. 8. And unto this people thou shalt say, Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I set before you the way of life, and the way of death.

Who would not wish this day to look into the breasts of mortals, into the mystery of their feelings, into the hopes, cares and wishes with which they greet the commencement of a new year? *Thousands* indeed, begin the year thoughtlessly, with indifference, without any reflections peculiar to it, even as they ended the year that is past; to them one day is as another. But, on the other hand, *millions* enter not upon this new great division of life without certain emotions of mind, which this day is especially calculated to excite. Many think, What have I, what have those connected with me to expect from the coming year? Will it be better, will it be worse for us? The sound in health see nothing but happy changes which are waiting for them. The anxious by nature sigh at the thought that the unpleasant relation in which, *in part*, they at present find themselves, may bring them still more gloomy hours. The sick, depressed and sorrowful, look back upon a succession of new years' days joyful and enjoyed, while at this time the beginning of the year is bitter, and perhaps full of evil presentiment. The young man lays plans of ambition, and of riches for the future. The young maiden beholds herself in the dim distance of coming days, a betrothed, a wife, a mother. Yet, more or less, every one, who is able so to do, upon this day seeks satisfaction and pleasure, and believes that what he gaily commences is thereby dedicated to enduring gaiety. And if he deceives himself with the idea, so is he willingly deceived.

But the wise man, and who does not lay claims to this name? the wise man, even if he willingly devotes himself to the enjoyment which this festal day prepares for him, seeks yet more willingly a moment of solitude for silent reflection. He knows that the time and the name do nothing, that pleasure dedicates nothing, but that the mind does everything, the mind must dedicate the future. He knows that his whole life is one rush-on to unknown destinies. Each new day brings new appearances before his eye. Not these experiences, not these destinies can bring him weal or woe, but the way and manner in which he receives them, applies them and leaves them. He who does not know this has passed his whole former life without any advantage.

Therefore the thoughtful, wise man on this day seeks a solitary moment. He would take counsel with himself how he can continue his

journey in the best and most profitable manner. It does not escape him that, notwithstanding he has grown so old, he is yet unsatisfied in his expectations, and by no means so happy as he feels that he might be. It does not escape him that, however seriously he may have thought thereon, the most important thing is wanting to him, *true religion*, which makes us wise, courageous, unshrinking, moderate, and friends of God and man ; a living, glorified Christianity penetrating our whole being, our inmost soul. Now the new year stands before him like a strange, veiled figure, serious and mysterious, bearing with her a bundle of unknown destinies. She stands before him as a messenger of God, and speaks with a voice of a prophet, " Say to this people, Behold, I set before you the way of life, and the way of death." Yes, indeed, the way of life, and of death ! separating, it divides before our eyes ; one we must choose. Immutable time urges us on. Guides hover around us, they point to the right and left. Reason and faith here,—frivolity and sensuality there. Both offer us happiness, both demand of us an offering. Reason and faith say, Offer up the present to eternity, and all virtues, all rewards, the purest satisfaction, belong to thee. Frivolity and sensuality say, Offer up the future to the present, and with all your sins you will have now and then a joyful day.

Thus lie before us the blessing and the curse ; we must choose. We have begun many a new year without these or similar considerations, have passed the day free from harm, and enjoyed the moments as they flew. But have we enjoyed life without repentance ? Behold, to-day you complain that you are not happy, that so much is still wanting to your being satisfied. Upon whom lies the blame ? Upon yourself, or upon God ?

Thus saith the Lord : Behold, I set before you the way of life. Have you resolution to walk therein ? Then are you sure of enduring happiness. In this way you will not find tormenting remorse, nor the bitter consequences of hasty action, nor the vexation of frustrated schemes. In this way you will be honorable under all calumniations ; free from all envy of fortune ; rich even in poverty ; in sickness, you shall smile upon your pains ; if friends prove faithless, you shall not miss them ; if, upon your bosom your dearest friend among men dies, you shall look upon his corpse with feelings of unutterable bliss. What can you demand in life, below the skies, more glorious ? All remaining gifts of fortune, all other delightful hours which the providence of God prepares for you, will be only a new addition to the immeasurable treasure of joy which you find in this way of life.

Do you not yet know this way ? Does all that has been said appear to you only a cold, tedious sermon of words which you are often ac-

customed to hear? I pity you! But I prophesy to you that an hour will come, in the course of your life, which like a flash of lightning, will bring every word to you with fearful clearness. "You read, to-day, these lines and carelessly lay them down, but an hour will break in upon your life which will fearfully remind you of them, and of the way of life to which they called you. You are to-day happy, and know not from whence misfortune shall come to you; but what if in this newly begun year you should lose honor and respectability, and become a laughing-stock to your enemies? What if this year should be the decisive one in which you and yours must sink down suddenly or by degrees, into want and necessity before unknown? What if during this year you must look upon the lifeless body of the one dearest to you on earth? What if your own sickness and death should not be so remote from you to-day as you believe, and you amidst the tears of your family should suddenly close your eyes forever? Do you know the way of life in which, raised above every vicissitude, you would experience a happiness not to be affected by any storm? Will you know it?

Leave the path trodden until to-day, the mode of thinking you have been used to till to-day, in which you have found no satisfaction for your own enduring peace of mind. Die to the past; change yourself immediately into a new being; lose your spirit in the Divine spirit of Jesus Christ, who says to you, "I am the way and the life." This dissolving of our spirit in the spirit of the Divine is effected by the acceptance of his disposition, by the appropriation of his quiet, benevolent virtue, by the removal of error from our minds, by love to God and union with God. It is effected when we do not place too high a value upon all which gives us joy on earth, when we restrain ourselves, and prefer that which is true, right and good, to that which is pleasant, only useful to ourselves, only bringing us honor before people; when we willingly raise our eyes from the world to eternity, and often remind ourselves in our daily avocations, in the society of our friends, in the hour of pleasure, that the eternal spirit which animates us is akin to the angels, is an heir of immortality.

Have you not known the way? Know it then to-day! Have you never tried to walk therein, to walk with *earnestness*, perseveringly, without going astray? Try it then, with the beginning of this year, all you who have so often tried to obtain an enduring joyful existence! If at the end of the year which you have now commenced, you are not more satisfied with yourself, more beloved by your fellow-men, more invulnerable to the changes of fortune, in one word, have not become lastingly happy,—then call religion a fable, and the promises of Jesus Christ a vain dream.

But enter not upon the way of life with light, fleeting resolutions, but with that serious perseverance without which nothing great and perfect can be accomplished. You know all your weaknesses and failings. They are those affections of mind and habits by which you have drawn upon yourself many vexations,—break off from these, practise the opposite virtues. Become not weary if many self-conquests shall be hard for you. Persevere! Let not the mind sink, and doubt not of the possibility of becoming perfect, if you once, perhaps against your will, have forgotten yourself and relapsed into your former slackness. Encourage yourself, and allow yourself constantly to be encouraged for the improvement of your mind. Men need, under the distractions of the day, new stimulants, the recollection of certain great religious truths. The heart often grows weary; but reading and hearing the Divine word, reading instructive, pious books, and especially prayer, communion with God, are the true refreshings of the heart.

A new year stands before us, serious and mysterious, a messenger from God, and says with prophet-voice, "Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I set before you the way of life, and the way of death." Yes, indeed, the way of death thou openest to me, O New Year, with thy first hours. Each moment is a repeated step to my own coffin. But still another death threatens me, not of the body, but of the soul.

Knowest thou the way to death? It is the way of sin. Sin itself is the death of my soul; sin, that is to say, my inordinate gratification in all which is merely sinful, already makes my body to be the grave of my soul, for action alone is life. He who does not act, sleeps. He who is no longer active is a dead man. My soul, which bears within itself a divine law, is dead, if instead of eternity, the enjoyment of the moment is my aim, if I form an intimate union not with God, but with the things of the dust, if instead of self-government, steadfastness, a modest mind and charity towards every man, I find within me only cowardly prudence which bargains with circumstances.

Knowest thou the way to death? Look back, O mortal, to the path from whence you came, upon which you stand to-day at the beginning of a new year. You have been active in past years, and busy in various ways. But who was it, yourself, or rather your sensuality, which was your master? You have honestly labored to gain your bread, to increase your property. The beast also is diligent when he seeks his own nourishment. You have calumniated no one, have not stolen or lied, because you were afraid, or because your good name among men was dear to you. You have added your mite to many a useful project, because you could not well do otherwise without giving offence. You have compassionately assisted many needy persons, because it was easy for

you, or because you are naturally tender-hearted and sensitive, and cannot bear the sight of misery. You have reconciled yourself with your adversary, because it was advantageous for you to be at peace with him, and that you might not be hindered by him in the attainment of your designs. You have given your advice to this one and to that one, because it cost you nothing, and you bind them thereby to yourself. But with all this were you in the way of life? What was the moving power within you? Lay your hand on your heart and think of the Omniscient One who looks through your mind as through a clear dew-drop, and answer to yourself honestly and truly. Have you been as good as you have often represented yourself to be? Have you always avoided what your better feelings rejected? Have you let alone the faults which you knew very well how to blame in others? Have you remained in quiet composure when every thing excited you to anger? Have you assisted those who refused you assistance? Have you truly loved virtue when temptation dangerously assailed you? Did you forget your own good when by so doing you could give great advantage to another? Did you in all you have done think of yourself first, or of the welfare of your fellow-men? You are silent, and blush. Look back upon the path which you have trodden,—it was not the way of life, but of death.

Was this then my way—even with my purest intentions? Was this the cause then of my hitherto vain strife for rest, satisfaction and happiness? Was this the cause of my many anxious moments in past years? Without the support of true virtue I walked in the way of death and deceived myself. Enough then of self-deceit, for I deceive myself about my true life, my peace on earth, my hopes of Heaven. Enough of self-deceit, which blinds my eyes, and often makes God and the world a riddle.

I know the way of life, O God, my Father, the way to thee. My reason and my holy faith declare it. To live in the spirit of thy Son, Jesus Christ, is the true life. And this, from to-day, will I seize and hold fast. Like Jesus, will I be calm, peaceful, steadfast and kind under all circumstances. And, that I may become so, I will join myself more closely and ardently to him whom I call my Saviour, my Mediator, my Intercessor. I will draw more closely to him while I use every opportunity to read, to hear and to impress upon my mind his holy, quickening, soul-elevating words. I will draw closer to him when passion, worldliness and sin tempt me.

Yes, in this solemn hour, at the commencement of the year, can I do any thing more worthy than before Thee, Omniscient One, before Thee, Judge of my life, to form such resolutions as will save me from death, and give me the highest bliss in this world and the world to come? Yet,

not the *resolution* saves and gives bliss, but the serious, persevering execution of the same. Oh, my God, my Father, veil my former life. Give me thy Holy Spirit for that which I shall now live. And again, at the end of this year, should it be in accordance with thy will that I live, I will look back upon the way that I have trod. The enthusiasm which the consciousness of a pure heart imparts, the love of all noble men which ever accompanies the good, the joy which penetrates me in the thought of Thee, and in prayer, will tell me whether my life is in Jesus and well-pleasing in thy sight.

Oh God, my Father, forsake me not! Give me thy blissful favor, strength and perseverance! Amen. For Jesus' sake, who taught me to call upon Thee, Amen.

HOPE.

HOPE—thou dreamer! what is hope?
Shadow on the meadow slope!
Perfume from the flower of Spring!
Echo of the song you sing!
Wind upon the fluttering leaf!
Quite as idle, quite as brief.

When the heart is sad and lone,
Breathing a perpetual moan,—
When from heavy trial shrinking,
On a withered promise thinking,—
In its darkness, pain and grief,
Will a hope bring sure relief?

Can it truly soothe a sorrow
To look forward to the morrow?
Can it strength, improvement bring,
Thus to lose a suffering?
Better far to weep and bear,
Struggling bravely with despair!

Calmly disappointment meeting,
Knowing joys of earth are fleeting;
Welcoming what ill betide
As an angel friend to guide
To that full, perfected life,
Where is neither fear nor strife!

Seeking not to dissipate
 With a dream one cloud of fate ;
 But in gloom that ray discerning,
 Ever clearer, purer burning,
 As the humbled soul is shriven
 By the chastening love of Heaven.

Though the present flitteth fast,
 It will linger in the past !
 Freely drink, then, harmless pleasure ;
 Every beam of beauty treasure ;
 Every gentle blessing cherish.
 These in memory will not perish.

For too often such is hope,—
 Shadow on a meadow slope ;
 Perfume from a flower of Spring ;
 Echo of a song you sing ;
 Wind upon a fluttering leaf ;—
 Quite as idle, quite as brief.

R. F. R.

A CHAPTER ON TRIFLES.

On a certain morning four or five years since, a young woman walked wearily the streets of one of our New England cities. It was a lovely spring day, and never did a heart love the return of that sweet season more truly than hers. But now her spirit was not in unison with Nature. She had come from a distant home to attend on a suffering brother ; and anxiety and a series of petty trials had saddened a spirit usually buoyant. At this precise moment, an ungracious word had added yet another drop of bitterness, and she had turned from her who uttered it with a cloud resting on her wonted cheerful view of human nature. As she walked languidly along the thronged streets, "alone amid a crowd," her attention was arrested by a voice, pronouncing her own name. Looking earnestly in the face of the person who had accosted her, it was not until the name was given, that she recognised an Irish serving-woman who had lived some years in a family where she was a frequent visitor. Right cordially did she answer the greeting of her humble acquaint-

tance, for the honest pleasure of the poor woman was balm to the wounded heart of the stranger.

Again during that visit was she tried with ungracious words and petty disappointments; and again her heart swelled with bitter emotions, and she was tempted to repine at "the world's cold charity," when an incident, so slight that it may provoke a smile, turned the current of her feelings and sent her on her way rejoicing. As she walked those same streets, musing on the vexations which surrounded her, and the annoying petulance of one with whom she had been brought into contact, a stranger addressed her kindly, and, laying down her little parcel, performed the trifling service of tying a loosened shoe-string. It was one of the slightest possible acts of kindness, but it spoke a friendly disposition, and it taught that wounded soul a lesson never to be forgotten, the worth of the simplest deed performed in a kindly spirit. It was a precious lesson; for did we at all times realize that nothing is trifling which can affect the comfort of a fellow creature, could we read the unwritten history of another's soul, or would we study our own, and see how precious, in certain moods, is even a look of kindness, we should not be niggardly of our words and deeds of friendliness. Perhaps no one of us now dreams how often a casual word, or even an averted look, has given yet another pang to a spirit already bleeding, or extinguished the latent spark of holy desire, which might have been fanned into living virtue. Nor perhaps do we even guess the happy change which has been wrought in some stricken heart by a word of love forgotten by us as soon as spoken.

Happy is he who regards little things, those mites cast into the treasury of the Lord! Happy is he around whose dying couch the memory of such alms-deeds done shall come thronging as smiling angels, to bear his soul above!

M. W.

"———The poorest poor

Long for some moments in a weary life,
When they may feel that they have been the meters
And the dealers out of some small blessings,
Have been kind to such as needed kindness,
For this simple cause, that we have all of us
One human heart."

A SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

THE PARABLE OF THE UNJUST JUDGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Q. Where is the Parable of the Unjust Judge recorded ?

A. In the first eight verses of the eighteenth chapter of Luke's Gospel. (*The pupils may repeat the parable, each reciting a verse, in turn, or each reciting the whole.*)

Q. Where was Jesus when he delivered this parable ?

A. He was travelling on his way to Jerusalem : see Luke xvii. 11.

Q. In the first verse it is said Jesus spake this parable "unto them :—" who were these persons ?

A. His disciples : see Luke xvii. 22.

Q. Is it probable this parable was a continuation of the discourse of Jesus recorded in the latter part of the preceding chapter ?

A. It is : for we must remember that the division of the Gospels into chapters was made for the convenience of the reader, and not to show that there was any interruption in what was said or done by Christ and his followers.

Q. What is the meaning of the phrase "to this end" ?

A. It means that Christ spake the parable *for the purpose of teaching this particular lesson.*

Q. And what is this lesson ?

A. He shews us that we ought to be in the habit of praying constantly ; and that we should not for any cause omit to pray ; because, if we persevere, our prayers will be answered.

Q. Does Jesus mean, in the second verse, to state it as a fact that there was really just such a judge as this ?

A. He does not. He imagines such a person. It is as if he should say, "Let us suppose there was in a city," &c.

Q. What was the office of such a "Judge" as is here spoken of, in the time of our Saviour, and in his country ?

A. There were actually three Judges in every Jewish city ; and it was their business to decide questions about property, to settle difficulties and quarrels between the citizens, and to see that certain guilty persons were punished for their crimes.

Q. Had the Judge, who was here imagined by Jesus, the character that such an important officer ought to have ?

A. He had not : for while a Judge ought by all means to fear and serve God, who is the Great Judge of all men, and ought to imitate His

justice, and have a tender regard for the rights of his fellow-men,—this one “feared not God, neither regarded man.”

Q. What was the case presented to this wicked Judge to decide?

A. A poor widow had been injured by an adversary, and she sought that what was her due might be restored to her.

Q. Was the Judge willing to attend to her request, and grant her what justice required?

A. He was not, at first; nor would he have been at all, for any regard to what was right and good, or any pity for her lonely condition.

Q. What finally induced him to give his attention to her case?

A. It was simply the fear that by her “continual coming” to seek his aid, she might occupy his time, or intrude upon his comfort, and so annoy him.

Q. What proof have we that she came to him more than once?

A. The word “*came*” in the third verse really signifies,—in the Greek, (the language in which this account was first written),—‘she kept coming.’

Q. When the widow is represented as saying, “*Avenge* me,” is it meant that she wished to have *revenge*, in a bad sense, and return evil for evil?

A. Not at all. With that meaning the parable would be very hard to understand. If that had been her request, she *ought* to have been denied.

Q. What then did she ask for?

A. She asked,—as we find by ascertaining the signification of the word that is translated “*Avenge*,”—only that she might have justice done her by a person who had wronged her.

Q. Did the Judge do anything that was honorable or kind, or anything that would be acceptable in the sight of God, when he granted her request?

A. He did not; for although he did what was right in itself, yet as he did it for the sake of his own ease, he acted from a selfish and base motive.

Q. What would have been a noble and pure motive?

A. The love of doing right, and a regard to the poor widow.

Q. What is the meaning of the Saviour’s explanation of this parable in verses 7 and 8.

A. That if even this unjust Judge was persuaded to listen to the widow, against his evil inclinations, merely on account of her importuning him, how much more reason have we to believe that God who is perfectly just and perfectly kind, will hear and answer the prayers of the children whom he loves!

Q. Who are intended by the "elect," in the 7th verse?

A. Those early Christians, who, because they believed on Christ and followed him, were called God's "elect," that is, his 'chosen ones.' (See Matthew xxiv. 31, and Mark xiii. 20, 22, 27.)

Q. Is it probable that this parable had any express reference to circumstances that took place near the time of our Saviour?

A. It is: Christ undoubtedly alluded to the event he had been speaking of in the preceding chapter, the approaching destruction of the city of Jerusalem, an occurrence often designated as "the coming of the Son of man."

Q. How would the parable apply to that event?

A. Christ teaches his disciples, by it, to wait patiently, with prayer, for the time of the destruction of Jerusalem,—a time they longed for, because it would deliver them from their persecutors, the unbelieving Jews, by overturning their power, and thus permit the spreading and triumph of their Christian faith.

Q. How do you understand the latter part of the 8th verse?

A. Jesus there expresses his fears lest, when that great revolution shall actually come, and a fair opportunity be given for the preaching of his Gospel, few will be found on earth ready to receive it, and to have faith in him and in his words.

Q. But has not this parable a more general application?

A. It contains important truth that is applicable to every Christian, and to each one of us.

Q. Will you name one inference we are to draw from it?

A. That we should all be as anxious for spiritual blessings from God, and as constant and urgent in our prayers for his help in renewing our hearts and improving our characters, as the widow was, or as we are, to have justice done us in human affairs and business transactions.

Q. Will you mention another great truth that we are taught by this parable?

A. We are taught that God will surely hear those who earnestly call upon Him,—who are willing to "cry day and night unto Him."

Q. Will you repeat the first part of what was said to be the chief lesson Jesus teaches here?

A. He shews us that we ought to be in the habit of praying constantly; "that we ought always to pray and not to faint."

Q. Can you name and repeat some other passages in the New Testament, where this duty of 'praying always' is enjoined?

A. (The pupil will here repeat Luke xxi. 36; Romans xii. 12; Colossians iv. 2; and Thessalonians v. 17.)

Q. What do you understand, in these texts, by 'praying always,' and 'praying without ceasing?'

A. That we ought all to pray to God very frequently, every day we live, and thus maintain that devout disposition, that spiritual, calm, trustful state of mind, which *never ceases*, and which nothing but prayer can produce in us.

Q. Will you mention some reasons why you should so pray?

A. Because we depend on God for every thing we have,—for all our possessions, our friends, our pleasures, our knowledge, our virtues, and our hopes of Heaven. Because we thus please God, and keep his commandments. Because we thus prove to Him that we are sincere in loving Him, and trusting Him. Because our communion with Him must purify our souls; elevate our thoughts; cleanse our hearts from bad passions and evil desires; make us love goodness; enable us to keep all our best resolutions and be useful to our fellow men, and give us inward strength and peace.

Q. What is the other part of the chief lesson of the parable?

A. That we should never be weary or discouraged in our prayers.

Q. In what other texts of the New Testament are we shown that we should *wait patiently* for our Heavenly Father to hear us and bless us?

A. (The pupil may repeat as before, James v. 7, 8; Hebrews x. 36; 2 Thessalonians iii. 5; Luke xxi. 19.)

Q. How does it happen that we often become discouraged in our prayers?

A. We are impatient, and in haste for some visible answer, instead of submitting entirely to the wisdom of our Maker.

Q. Can we expect to know the best *method* in which our petitions shall be fulfilled?

A. We cannot. We ought to believe that God will answer us *in some way* though the answer may be invisible, spiritual, in the secret benefits of the soul.

Q. What should be our feeling when we supplicate earthly blessings?

A. We should feel that to receive precisely what we ask for *might* be the most serious evil, and therefore we should be willing to leave all results with Him who careth for us as a Parent, adding to our other requests, "Father, thy will, not mine, be done."

Q. What is a great encouragement to us to continue our endeavors to pray in a reverential and humble spirit, even when we begin to be disheartened?

A. The cheering fact that the more we engage in devotion the more delightful does it become, while our holy and compassionate Father never fails to listen to the sincere cry of his children.

WORK FOR THE FAITH.

WORK for the Faith, the Faith which rose
When Bethlehem's star with glorious beams
Shed forth its lustre from above
O'er fair Judea's hills and streams.

Could we but stand where once they stood
Whose eyes beheld that heavenly light,
And gaze into the deep blue sky
Up to the radiant stars of night,

Should we not lift our searching glance
To every shining orb afar,
And ask, within our beating hearts,
If *there* still burned that wondrous star?

Should we not linger for the sound
Of seraph voices in the sky,
And in the light and fleecy cloud
Dream that an angel passed us by?

The star which rose that night in Heaven
No longer shines for mortal eyes;
And angel songs no more are heard
From out Judea's starry skies!

That star but ushered in the day
Of clearer light, and purer love;
And sweeter tones breathed blessings forth
Than flowed from seraph choirs above.

—Such light still shines upon our path,
That voice of love is heard to-day;
Shall we avert our wandering eyes,
And idly turn our steps away?

No! with unfaltering heart may we
For that true Faith we hold so dear
Work, as the faithful only can,
Until the Master shall appear!

Oh toil not for the spreading forth
Of dogma dark, and cunning creed;
From all the chains which man hath wrought
For striving souls, may we be freed!

Work for the Faith, at home, abroad,
In crowded mart, by wayside worn;

Cast on the wave the bread of life;
On every breeze may Truth be borne!

Extend that pure and glorious truth
Which Jesus lived, which Jesus taught;
And to the work apostles loved
Oh bring the zeal apostles brought!

A.

THE RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCE OF CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. S. K. LOTHROP.

THE precise day of our Saviour's birth cannot be determined; nor do we find in the New Testament any thing to authorize the conclusion, that the apostles and primitive Christians made a separate festival of the nativity of their Master. The probability is that between two and three hundred years elapsed, before the festival of Christmas came to be an institution or observance of the church; and a much longer period, before the twenty-fifth of December came to be universally determined upon as the day for celebrating this festival.

This uncertainty as to the time of our Saviour's birth was one of the considerations, that induced our Puritan Fathers to relinquish Christmas in common with many other festivals enjoined and celebrated by the Roman Catholic Church. To their influence and example is it owing, that to the Congregational Churches of New England the twenty-fifth of December has been no more than any other day. Its annual return has not withheld labor from its toils, nor released business from its cares; the thirst for gain has been unchecked, the love of pleasure unsanctified by devotion, and life in all its varied interests has moved on without interruption or repose.

They were noble and high-souled men—the Puritan Fathers of New England. They attained to high and enlarged conceptions of the spiritual nature of religion. Their names will be honored by every lover of liberty and truth to the end of time. But it is certainly matter of rejoicing, that their descendants have so far outgrown their feelings or prejudices in regard to Christmas, that the custom of marking the day by religious observance and social rejoicing is fast spreading among the Congregational Churches planted by their labors and watered by their tears.

There does not seem to be any valid or serious objection to this custom; on the contrary, there is strong propriety in it. Reverence, affection, gratitude, every religious impulse of the heart unfettered by prejudice

or habit, would naturally prompt to it. What though we cannot determine the precise day? It is the event we celebrate; about that there can be no dispute; and as for the day, it is only necessary that Christians agree upon the same for the festival. What though it was not observed by the early Christians? Can we do nothing unless a rule or canon enjoining it was recorded during the three first centuries? Must we repress every emotion Christ and Christianity awaken in us, unless we can find evidence that the first Christians cherished it? Must we decline every observance that seems to us rational and improving, unless we can show that they kept it? To make little account of what is purely formal and external in religion, is undoubtedly the genius of Christianity,—is the prominent feature in that strictest form of *Protestant* Christianity, of which our Puritan Fathers were the great apostles; yet the reverse of *wrong* is not always and necessarily *right*. Because the Catholics went to one extreme, the true path may not lie in the other. The most spiritual religion must allow,—what the weakness of human nature requires,—some outward observance, the sign of and the stimulus to inward principle and feelings. To the spiritual soul the universe is indeed a temple and the heart an altar, and all times are sacred and all places holy, for time and space are filled by God. Everywhere there rests the awful shadow of his presence. But it does not follow that we are to have no hallowed seasons, no consecrated spots, no commemorative services, wherein the outward form shall appeal to and embody the inward feeling, and the softened heart be more deeply impressed with sentiments of grateful reverence and holy faith, by the contemplation of solemn and momentous facts of Providence.

The Catholic Church in the extent to which it carried this matter, in the appeals it made to the senses, and to the power of sympathy and association through multiplied forms and festivals and consecrated days, was foolish as well as wrong. It encouraged indolence, it encroached upon social duty, it put a weapon in the hands of spiritual tyranny, and it made religion *sensual* through its misdirected efforts to quicken the *inner spiritual life*. This was bad. But what have we done? We have banished from life very many of those religious customs and festivals which speak to the heart and affections. With us life has become one long day of toil and care, remarkable for its industrial activities and influences, but stript of almost all those forms and occasions, that are the incentives to and the expression of noble and lofty feeling, occasions which cause selfishness to be forgotten in the impulses of a generous sympathy, which bring men together in a way and for a purpose, that enlarges their hearts with kindlier feeling toward one another, with deeper sentiments of reverence and responsibility toward God. On

this ground, therefore,—considered simply as one more day redeemed from an all-absorbing worldliness, one more resting place on the anxious march of life, one more spot hallowed in the memory and affections, around which could cluster those moral associations, that add so much to the happiness of human life and form so secure a defence to human virtue,—on this ground simply, it would be well and wise to mark the nativity of the Saviour by religious service and social joy.

To obey his precepts and imitate his example is undoubtedly the best and highest honor we can render to our Saviour,—an honor for which the most splendid ceremonial show of reverence and gratitude, commemorative of particular events in his history, will not compensate. Undoubtedly also, every secret prayer breathed in his name, poured out from the deep places of the soul, every unuttered emotion of thankfulness and joy, felt as his disciple,—the whole Christian experience, from the hour that the soul awoke to the solemn truth and hope of the Gospel to the last throb of expiring life, is, or might be and ought to be, one long celebration of his memory, one continued act of thanksgiving for “the unspeakable gift of God” unto the world. But deep and solemn associations naturally gather around that hour to which our faith dates back,—that first holy and blessed moment when the Saviour of the world, born amid lowliness and want, amid the tumult of a mixed and busy multitude, was cast into the out-house of a crowded inn and laid to his first rest in a manger amid the brute creation. It is well to cultivate and cherish these associations by religious observance.

The scene also is deeply significant, replete with lessons of moral and spiritual wisdom. It was a pregnant and expressive action of Providence,—that birth of the Saviour amid such circumstances, that shining forth of the divine mercy from out the depths of human obscurity and tribulation, that consecration of the state of virtuous poverty by connecting it with the most glorious and solemn display of God’s power and goodness in the person of his Son. That holy and sublime spectacle, the infant Saviour,—“God manifest in the flesh,” whose coming was to change the face of the world,—sleeping in a manger, with none but obscure and lowly shepherds to hail his birth,—how does it pour contempt upon the pride of the great,—how gently and touchingly does it rebuke the envy of the poor,—how significantly does it teach that God dwells most richly and closely with the lowly and humble spirit? Surely it is good for us to commemorate this spectacle, this solemn hour, this first, blessed, uncorrupted moment, when Christianity, with all its hopes and truths, its ever unfolding and extending influences, peacefully slumbered in the Bethlehem manger. It is good to gather up its lessons, and impress its instructions upon the heart.

INTELLIGENCE.

DEDICATION AT BRIDGEWATER, MASS.—The new house of worship erected by the first Congregational Society in Bridgewater was dedicated on Wednesday, November 19, 1845. The services were as follows:—Introductory prayer, by Rev. Mr. Briggs of Plymouth; Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Mr. Russell of South Hingham; Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. Mr. Richardson of Hingham; Sermon by Rev. Mr. Bradford, Pastor of the Society; Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Hodges of Cambridge.

Mr. Bradford in opening his discourse asked that God would sanctify to the assembly the consideration of the words from Haggai ii. 7: "I will fill this house with glory." He first inquired as a preliminary point what kinds of glory were not meant by the prophet, and showed at some length and by various illustrations, that neither the glory of the soldier, nor of the student, nor of nature, nor of architecture,—neither "mental nor ornamental nor monumental" glory were implied in the text. He then inquired in what actually consisted the glory of the Lord's house. To this he answered, that it was in "moral" glory, and this moral glory is found, 1st. In faith,—faith in the God of the Bible,—faith which is one, independent of all sectarian differences. He invoked the presence of such a faith in the Church,—broad, beneficent, strong and free. 2nd. In love,—brotherly love, impartial love, perfect love. Let that love come among us which is unlimited and tender and sincere. 3rd. In charity. Mr. Bradford showed the difference between this head and the preceding,—that love was the general sentiment, while charity had especial reference to liberality of feeling. True charity extends to all worships and all sects. It knows no bounds. It is opposed to all sectarian policy, to making God's house a den of thieves, to all holy craft and cunning. The Christian world is lacking in this sentiment. Let it come again to the Church as the dove returned to the ark, and Christ came to his people, and little David came out to meet Goliath. 4th. In Christ formed within us. The presence of Jesus alone can give glory to God's temple. This thought crowns and unites the other three. Mr. B. remarked that the frequent and somewhat unusual invocations of the discourse were intended to show the purpose for which it was to be used, viz: Prayer. He then discussed the questions "how they might obtain this glory." They must be co-workers with God, practical Christians, good men. Virtue is the object of Christianity. The discussions about Popery and Retribution, now so common, are aside from the purpose of Christ. Mr. B. closed by invoking a special blessing upon the various parts and offices of the Sanctuary, and expressing a hope that God's glory would be promoted by a regular and serious attendance on the worship of his house.

The new Church is an elegant building of the Doric order, seventy-two by fifty feet. It contains seventy-two pews, uniformly furnished. The interior combines richness with simplicity, and the exterior is adorned by a beautiful

spire, one hundred and forty-five feet in height. There are few churches in New England of chaster proportions, or more favorably situated. We rejoice in the happy prospects of this ancient church.

CHURCH AND DEDICATION AT TROY, N. Y.—A correspondent at Albany writes us as follows:—"Thirteen years ago an effort was made in Troy by Mr. Brown, late of Brattleboro'; but after some two months' preaching, the prospect was discouraging, and the attempt was abandoned. Since then, Unitarianism has not had an open advocate. The few who cherished it affectionately, did so in the solitude of their own bosoms. Immediately after my arrival here last year, I felt the importance of a sister society so contiguous,—and getting hold of the names of some two or three individuals, sounded them on the subject. They stood for some months aghast at the temerity of the idea;—not until *May* last, when they had discovered one or two more of the reliably faithful, did they make an attempt to see how many could be got out to hear a sermon. On the first Sunday in June I preached to some seventy people in the court-house; and at least one Sabbath service a week has been held from that time. In the course of two months, finding themselves actuated by a united and energetic spirit, they have purchased a house, formerly a Presbyterian house, in the heart of the city, have fitted it neatly, and on Friday afternoon, November 14, it was dedicated. The services were as follows:—Introductory Prayer, and the Address to the Society, by Rev. Mr. Farley of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Selections from Scripture, and Prayer of Dedication, by Rev. Mr. Pierpont, late of Boston; Sermon, and Concluding Prayer, by Rev. Mr. Harrington of Albany, N. Y.

"The topics of the sermon were suggested by the immediate connexion of the preacher with the interesting services of the occasion. He expressed the consciousness of personal and solemn responsibility for the obligations about to be assumed by the society to whom he was speaking. He remarked that he bore vividly in memory the moment, but a few short months before, when a suggestion from his own lips set in motion the first struggling elements of Unitarianism in that community—and the thrilling hour when the first prayer was lifted to Heaven, in their first public service, for a blessing upon the hearers as disciples of a distinctive faith. He felt that in the minds of the mass of the community he was held to a stern account for his instrumentality in implanting the seeds of a fatal heresy. These thoughts would guide him in the selection of his topics of discourse. He would answer the question, "Why he had done this?" In the first place, he had aided to plant Unitarianism in that community, because it was the truth to him. It embodied what he conceived to be the revelation of God through Christ Jesus—and what he felt to be the truth he must receive and preach, bring it gain or bring it loss. In the second place, Unitarianism was not only abstractly true to his mind, but the best form of truth, the happiest and most effectual in its application to the wants of humanity. Under this head the prominent distinctive characteristics of the faith were

presented. In the third place, he preached this faith, because with kindred sectarian organizations, it was the only shelter of the free principle of Protestantism, the sacredness of private judgment. The sermon closed with an exhortation to the fulfilment of the religious duties that day assumed.

"The address by Mr. Farley was upon the hallowed sacredness of the house that had been dedicated to the service of God. He analyzed the emotions that should accompany the hearer thither, the sentiments he should entertain for it, the decorum he should exhibit within its walls. He referred to the impression made upon his mind when conducting service in the Church at Quincy, Mass., by the reverent demeanour of the 'sage' who worships there; and commended his example to all. He closed with an earnest invocation for the welfare of the congregation in their several relations as a Christian Society.

"The Chapel contains fifty-six pews, and enough have already been let to realize above seven hundred dollars per annum. This is remarkable for a society, in a city wherein, six months ago, not a half dozen Unitarians were known to exist. With favorable circumstances much may be hoped from the character and spirit of this Society. Rev. Mr. Pierpont will supply the desk until April next.

"Here in Albany, we are slowly progressing in outward growth and rapidly in interior enlargement. A spirit of earnestness, unity and life is in progress that promises to accomplish much for us."

UNITARIAN PERIODICALS IN BOSTON.—We are happy to take the present occasion to call attention to the various journals issued in this city for the diffusion of Liberal Christianity. If their circulation were in just proportion to their deservings, the work of enlightening the community would proceed even more rapidly than at present. The *Christian Examiner* is published once in two months, in numbers containing one hundred and fifty-six pages each. The ability with which the *Examiner* is conducted is sufficiently announced when we mention the names of its efficient, learned and indefatigable editors, the Rev. Drs. Lamson and Gannett. The various departments of theological and literary criticism are well sustained by treatises of a high order of scholarship. Dissertations and essays, on the most interesting topics engaging the public attention, and written with talent and eloquence, are constantly furnished through its pages. These are occasionally interspersed with poetical pieces of much merit; and the department of Intelligence is characterized by thoroughness and accuracy. It is exceedingly desirable that the believers in a rational faith should receive, generally, that intellectual and spiritual nourishment which a publication of so exalted an order is eminently calculated to afford. It ought to be a point of denominational honor to yield it a generous support.—Passing over the Monthly Religious Magazine, of which the design is made known elsewhere, and which in the intervals of its publication occupies a place between the *Examiner* and the weeklies, we come to those weeklies themselves. Nearly all readers within the ranks of Unitarianism are acquainted, we presume, with the *Christian Register*. Its ancient reputation is not

easily forgotten, and is not likely to be lost. For a long series of years it has nobly maintained the ground of an effective religious newspaper. In the days when controversy was the chief work of Unitarians, it fought out the contest, with energy, faithfulness, charitableness, and distinguished success. It has aimed steadily at the edification of the individual character in righteousness, and has communicated the interesting information of the day. What it has been it still remains. Under its present editor, Rev. C. W. Upham, while it retains its previous solid excellencies, it has improved in the taste and care with which it is managed, having gained such advantages in receiving the constant and undivided attention of so elegant a scholar.—*The Christian World* has a more recent origin, but it has already been in existence long enough to establish a strong claim on the favor and patronage of a Liberal public. It was commenced under the impression, on the part of many earnest and active gentlemen, that a sheet was needed which should devote itself directly to the cultivation of the social element in Christianity, and the advocacy of philanthropic enterprises. This object it has pursued with most praiseworthy and untiring zeal, under the editorial conduct of Mr. George G. Channing, the present travelling agent of the American Unitarian Association,—assisted, we believe, by both clerical and lay co-operation. Avoiding the introduction of much secular matter, as not within the range of its religious purposes, it has yet been ever prompt to discuss, in a fearless spirit, events and principles of a political nature, when they have had a bearing on the moral interests of civilization, drawing important lessons from the great movements of the times. It has taken a deeply practical view of Christianity, and sought to bring its holy influence to be felt in the whole circuit of human life. It has stood forward with honest freedom and heartiness, in the preaching of moral reformations. It has inculcated the duty of regarding mankind as a brotherhood, and of striving with steadfast courage, for their redemption from all sin, through the truth of Christ, and the faith of his Gospel. And thus it has shown the vast superiority of our simple and evangelical belief over every other system. We cannot help noticing the beautiful verses with which its poetical column is almost invariably filled; and we commend this excellent journal to the good will of every Christian reader. To both of the two last mentioned papers we take this opportunity to return our grateful acknowledgments for the services they have rendered our own Magazine, by their editorial commendations.—The moral instruction and entertainment of the young is provided for by the delightful monthly, *The Child's Friend*, conducted by that noble-hearted and accomplished lady, Mrs. Eliza L. Follen.

EPISCOPACY AT OXFORD AND IN MASSACHUSETTS.—From the theology of the monthly Episcopal Observer and the weekly Christian Witness,—the principal organs of Episcopacy in Massachusetts,—as well as from a circular from Bishop Eastburn to his clergy, denouncing most explicitly and roundly certain Puseyite fopperies and puerilities, and Papistical postures and decorations, observed by him in one of his official visits to the Church of the Advent, in Bos-

ton,—a church established not long ago on a charitable basis with the aid of the Bishop's exertions,—we are led to judge that the Romanist tendency of Oxford Tractarianism is likely to meet with a decided rebuff, and for the present gain few proselytes, in this State at least. The open secession of Mr. Newman, Mr. Oakely and their associates, from the Established Church to the Church of Rome, seems to be hailed by the adherents to Episcopacy in this quarter, with great satisfaction. They have long had reason to expect no other result, from the positions assumed in the Tracts, and now that the rupture has actually come, they are disposed to regard their body as relieved of a pestilential ulcer. They are of the opinion that open enemies are much to be preferred to false friends. They are glad to be well rid of the reproach which the connexion of these Romanizing gentlemen has brought upon the Establishment. It is curious to observe that while Dr. Pusey encourages the credulous notion that these secessions to Rome will be likely to win from her a kinder and more liberal feeling towards Episcopacy, and thus effect what he calls a "union of the Western Church," on the other hand, that prominent Roman Catholic journal, the *London Tablet*, uses such unequivocal language as the following:—

"It almost amazes us that we have occasion to assure Dr. Pusey that nothing can open the eyes of Catholics to the fact of God's Spirit dwelling in the Establishment. We imagine that no intelligent and reasonable Catholic is ignorant or unwilling to confess how much of good there is among the sincere and humble of all communions; or how largely, under different outward manifestations, God pours out his Spirit upon the members of different heretical organizations, wooing them as it were with the sweetness of his breath to leave the 'cities of the plain' before the vengeance of Heaven falls upon them, and to take refuge betimes in the one city that is built upon a rock. But as to the city in which they dwell, and in which for them these mercies have been wrought, as well might we regard the mission of the holy angels and their miraculous appearance to Lot as an evidence of God's love for Sodom, as consider these workings of grace within the Anglican Establishment as a proof of God's affection for that heretical and schismatical communion." "Nothing, it seems, can convince Anglicans, even the most Puseyite, that the judgment of Rome against them is final and irreversible. Their pertinacity in cherishing a hope that Rome may relent upon other terms than those of submission is something wonderful."

ITEMS.

THE CHURCH of the new Unitarian Society in Roxbury is well advanced in the process of erection, and promises not only to be an ornament to the place where it stands, but to gather a large body of worshippers.

THE UNITARIAN ANNUAL REGISTER is the title of a new publication, carefully prepared by an industrious clergyman of our denomination. The number for the year 1846 is before us,—published by Crosby & Nichols. It is full of interesting and important information, containing, besides what is usually found in an Almanac, a list of all the Unitarian Churches in the country and their Ministers, of the Ministers to the Poor, of Clergymen without parishes, of Clergymen deceased, an account of the Divinity Schools at Cam-

bridge and Meadville, of the American Unitarian Association, the Benevolent Fraternity of Churches, and various other Philanthropic and Religious Associations of which Unitarians are influential managers, of the progress and principles of the Unitarian Faith, in passages compiled from able writers; and also many scraps and shorter pieces of a miscellaneous character, both in prose and verse,—these latter constituting perhaps the least valuable portion of the work.

FATHER MATTHEW having been relieved of his debts by the contributions of his friends, it is now proposed to raise funds to enable him to continue his reformatory exertions. One advocate of this measure, writing in a London paper says, "Let Father Matthew be sustained for a few years more in his labor, and the habit of temperance will have become so completely fixed in our national Irish character, that no return to former bad habits need ever be dreaded."

A GREAT meeting of Jews from all parts of Europe has recently been held in Frankfort, in which they voted that there is nothing obligatory in the use of the Hebrew in their worship, and accordingly that it was best to retain it only in part as a badge of their nationality and a bond of union. Also on full discussion, that the Messiah is *already come*, the present toleration and comfort they now enjoy being what is meant by the promised Messiah. Also that now there is nothing to forbid their freely blending with the nations among whom they reside.

THE GERMAN CATHOLICS AND THE FREE SCOTCH CHURCH.—The *Berlin Gazette* of the 24th instant, says:—"The General Synod of the Free Scotch Church has addressed a letter to the German Catholics of Berlin, expressing its sympathy with them. While blaming their profession of faith as too vague, it offers them its aid and succor. It is not known whether the German Catholics will accept this offer of pecuniary assistance, as they did a similar proposal from the Anglican Church."

THE *Siecle* publishes a letter from Berlin of the 25th of October, which asserts that "the Prussian government is about to direct against the new Catholic schism the measures enforced against the 'friends of Protestant reform.'" Not only is it certain that the Abbe Ronge will be handed over to the superior tribunal of Breslau, but it is known that the presumptive heir to the throne is actively engaged in arresting the development of the doctrines taught by the German Catholics. It is expected that this may be accomplished by means of the censorship on the press; but it is not probable that the government will succeed. As yet, at least, the followers of the new Catholic Church appear not to doubt of their right, and proceed with an air of assurance.

THE DISTRESSED NEEDLEWOMEN IN ENGLAND.—"We have great pleasure in stating that, owing to the exertions of the president and honorary secretary of this Society, several of the guardians under the Poor Law have determined not to receive needlework at lower prices than would fully support poor women out of the workhouses; and the board of guardians of St. Martin's-in-the-fields, after referring the consideration of prices to three gentlemen, two of them influential warehousemen, have forwarded to the secretary a resolution of the board to the above effect."